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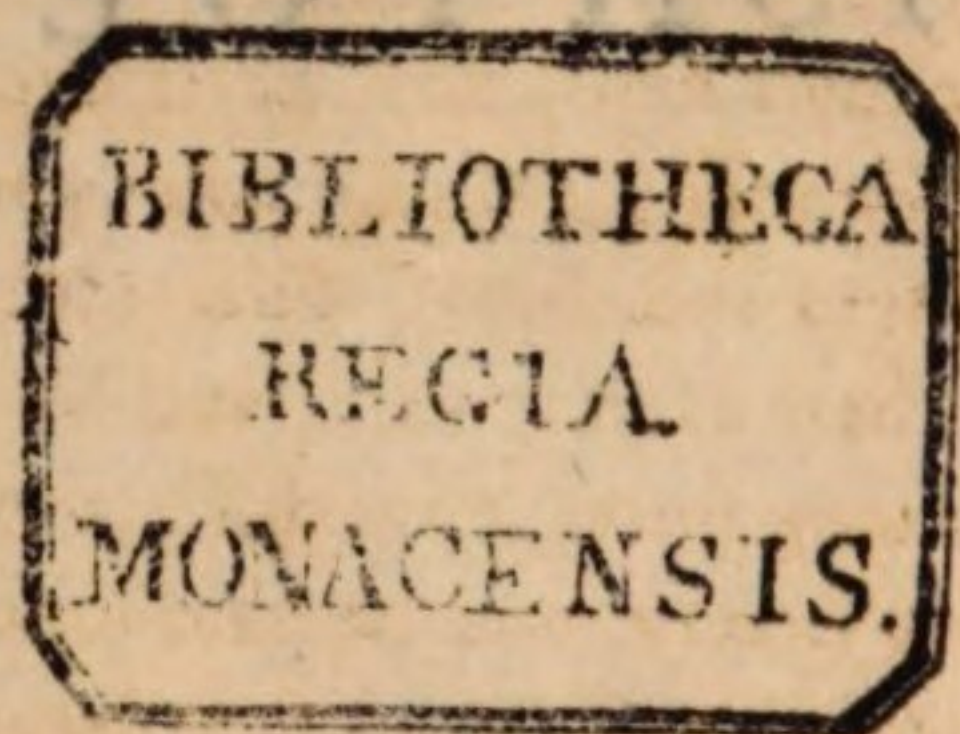
BRITISH POETS.

• V O L. XXI.

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M, DCC, LXXIII.



THE
P O E T I C A L
W O R K S
O F

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME III.

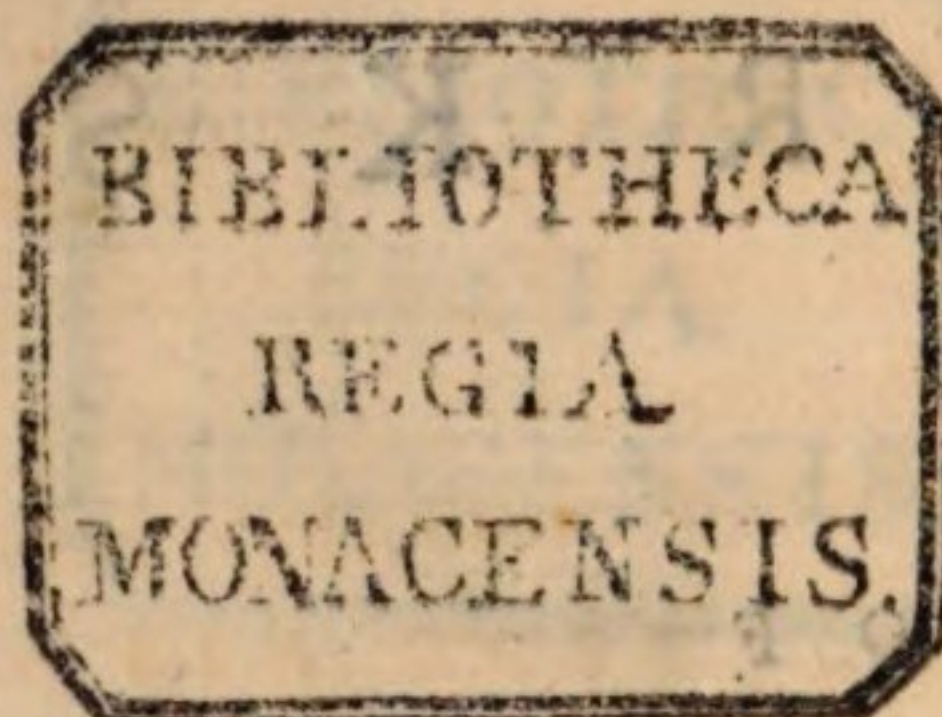
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THE

POETICAL



W O

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME III

EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. Kincaid and W. Creech,

and J. Ballantyne.

MDCCLXXIII.

C O N T E N T S

VOLUME THIRD

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING HIS

MORAL ESSAYS, &c.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING

MORAL ESSAYS, &c.

C O N T E N T S

O F

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AN
ESSAY
ON
MANN:

TO

H. ST JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

VOL. III.

A

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TO

H. ST JOHN, J. BOLINGBROKE

A

1880

T H E
D E S I G N.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to mens business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its being.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintel-

ligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: The other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force*, as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: If any man can unite all these, without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these epistles, in their progress, (if I have health and leisure to make any progress), will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

ESSAY on MAN:

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. ST JOHN, Lord BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to the UNIVERSE.*

OF *Man* in the abstract.---I. That we can judge only with regard to our *own system*, being ignorant of the *relations* of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed *imperfect*, but a being suited to his *place* and *rank* in the creation, agreeable to the *general order* of things, and conformable to *ends* and *relations* to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his *ignorance* of future events, and partly upon the *hope* of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The *pride* of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The *impiety* of putting himself in the place of *God*, and judging of the fitness or unfitness,

perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The *absurdity* of conceiving himself the *final cause* of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the *moral* world, which is not in the *natural*, ver. 131, &c. VI. The *unreasonableness* of his complaints against *Providence*, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the *sensitive faculties* in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That, throughout the whole visible world, an universal *order* and *gradation* in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a *subordination* of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of *sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason*; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much further this *order* and *subordination* of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected *creation* must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The *extravagance, madness, and pride* of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all, the *absolute submission* due to *Providence*, both as to our *present* and *future state*, ver. 281, &c. to the end.

AWAKE, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

Let us, (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die),
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;

A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;

Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yield;

The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore

Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;

Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,

And catch the manners living as they rise:

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;

But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?

Of man, what see we but his station here,

From which to reason, or to which refer?

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,

See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe how system into system runs,

What other planets circle other suns,

What vary'd being peoples every star,

May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings and the ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies,

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And, drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:

Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions, passions, being's use and end ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought :
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon, or late, or here, or there ?
The blest'd to-day is as compleatly so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood,
O blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest'd :

The soul, uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt-hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingrosses not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the GOD of GOD.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest'd abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, ' 'Tis for mine:
' For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
' Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
' Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
' The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
' For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
' For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
' Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
' My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
' No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
' Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
' Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
' And what created perfect?---Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs ;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things :
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind,
But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man ? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more ;
Now, looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ;
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all ?

The blest of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
 The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?
 Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Dye of a rose in aromatic pain ?
 If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill ?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :
 Of smell the headlong lionsess between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood ?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine ?
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ?
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !

Remembrance and reflection how ally'd ;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide ?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high ! progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
Natures aethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.---On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours :
Or in the full creation leave a void,
— Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky ;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God ;

All this dread ORDER break---for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!---Oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupend'ous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper blest depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.--In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest'd as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to himself, as an Individual.

I. THE business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature : His powers and frailties, ver. 1. to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The Passions, and their use, ver. 93. to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132. to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature : The limits near, yet the things separate and evident : What is the office of reason, ver. 202. to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to the individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

VOL. III.

B

I. **K** NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest ;
In doubt himself a god, or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wond'rous creature ! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun,
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule---
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,

Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Alas what wonder! man's superior part

Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art:

But when his own great work is but begun,

What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;

First strip off all her equipage of pride;

Deduct but what is vanity or dress,

Or learning's luxury, or idleness;

Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,

Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts

Of all our vices have created arts;

Then see how little the remaining sum,

Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;

Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,

Each works its end, to move or govern all;

And to their proper operation still,

Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;

Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

Man, but for that, no action could attend;

And, but for this, were active to no end:

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,

To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:

Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
Active its task, it prompts, impells, inspires :
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its object's nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future, and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains ;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite ;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r :
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call :
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide :

Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd : 'Tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul ;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find ;
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soft'ned, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes man, can man destroy !
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain ;
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
And when in act, they cease, in prospect rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;

Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION, came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse ;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
As Heav'n's blest'd beam makes vinegar more sour.

— We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend ;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :

So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe :
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends :
Like varying winds, by other passions tofs'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride :
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle :
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd ;
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root, .
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd ;
Reason the bias turns to good from ill :
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use ;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade ;
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the North ? At York, 'tis on the Tweed ;

In Scotland, at the Orcades^{wise}; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole.
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints the effect of ev'ry vice;
 That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call;
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.

To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n ;
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend ;
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply ;
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
'Till tir'd he sleeps ; and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy :
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain :
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

E P I S T L E III.

A R G U M E N T.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to Society.*

I. The whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for *itself*, nor yet wholly for *another*, ver. 27. The happiness of *animals* mutual, ver. 49. II. *Reason* or *instinct* operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. *Reason* or *instinct* operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far *Society* carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the *state* of *nature*, ver. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of *arts*, ver. 166. and in the forms of *society*, ver. 176. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the *social* and *public* good, ver. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixt government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

1. **H**ERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end;
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one center still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die:)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least:
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flowry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the feed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'ful still the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: To birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest :
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man, by touch etherial slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too ;
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle ! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ;
To blifs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest ;
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit !
While still too wide or short is human wit ;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long ;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours !

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning aether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one,
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace:
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend;
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend:
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air;
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;

The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race.
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love:
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's State they blindly trod;
 The state of Nature was the reign of God:
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of man.
 Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
 The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from Nature rising flow to Art!
 To copy instinct then was reason's part:
 Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake;—
 ' Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
 ' Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 ' Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 ' Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 ' Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
 ' Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 ' Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 ' Here too all forms of social union find,
 ' And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
 ' Here subterranean works and cities see;
 ' There towns aerial on the waving tree.
 ' Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 ' The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
 ' How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 ' And anarchy without confusion know;
 ' And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
 ' Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 ' Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 ' Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
 ' In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 ' Entangle Justice in her net of law,

‘ And right too rigid, harden into wrong ;
‘ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
‘ Yet, go ! and thus o’er all the creatures sway,
‘ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
‘ And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
‘ Be crown’d as monarchs, or as gods ador’d.’

V. Great Nature spoke : Observant Man obey’d ;
Cities were built, Societies were made :
Here rose one little state ; another near
Grew by like means, and join’d, thro’ love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend ;
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow ;
And he return’d a friend who came a foe :
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form’d ; the name of King unknown,
’Till common int’rest plac’d the sway in one.
’Twas VIRTUE only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a fire the sons obey’d,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. ’Till then, by Nature crown’d, each patriarch
fate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state ;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond’ring furrow call’d the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th’ abyss profound,
Or fetch th’ aerial eagle to the ground.

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 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.

'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began,
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man :
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great first father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never fought but one :
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ;
For Nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God ; and understood
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran ;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
'T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law ;
'Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe ;
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made :
She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.

She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes :
 Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food ;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood :
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below ;
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust :
 The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard, what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence :
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral, nature gave before ;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings ;
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too ;
Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things :
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For forms of government, let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
In faith and hope, the world will disagree, ,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;

So two consistent motions act the soul ;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bad Self-love and Social be the same.

E P I S T L E IV.

A R G U M E N T.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
Happiness.*

- I. FALSE notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be *equal*; and, to be so, it must be *social*; since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by *general*, not *particular laws*, ver. 37. As it is necessary for *order*, and the peace and welfare of *society*, that *external goods* should be *unequal*, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the *balance* of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of *Hope* and *Fear*, ver. 70. III. What the happiness of *individuals* is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the *good man* has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to *virtue* what are only the calamities of *nature*, or of *fortune*. ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good, but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c. VI. That *external goods* are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of *virtue*, ver. 167. That even these can make no

man happy without virtue: Instanced in *riches*, ver. 185. *Honours*, ver. 193. *Nobility*, ver. 205. *Greatness*, ver. 217. *Fame*, ver. 237. *Superior talents*, ver. 259, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That *virtue only* constitutes a happiness, whose object is *universal*, and whose prospect *eternal*, ver. 309, &c. That the *perfection of virtue and happiness* consists in a *conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE* here, and a *resignation to it* here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

O H HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
name:

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
And, fled from monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:
Some place the blest in action, some in ease;
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, That happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive:

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various passions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, 'The Universal Cause
'Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bless is the same in subject, or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?

If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pi'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain:
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risks the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or curs'd,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bless to vice, to virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !
 See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust !
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire ?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sick'n'd, and each gale was death ?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me ?

What makes all physical and moral ill ?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
 Short, and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws ?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest,
 Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be:

But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care;

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of hell;

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries there is, and that, there is no God.

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.---This world, 'tis true,

Was made for Caesar---but for Titus too;

And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

“But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?

That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where Folly fights for Kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent;

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

“No---shall the good want health, the good want

“pow'r?”

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing :
 " Why bounded pow'r ? why private ? why no king ?"
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n ?
 Why is not man a God, and earth a Heav'n ?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give :
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ;
 Say at what part of nature will they stand ?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize : A better would you fix ?
 Then give Humility a coach and fix,
 Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public-spirit its great cure, a crown,
 Weak, foolish man ! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?
 Go, like the Indian, in an other life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife :
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing :
 How oft by these at fixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one !
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good or just ?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,

Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
“ What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ! ”
I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your antient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatness ; say where greatness lies ?
“ Where, but among the heroes and the wise ? ”
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind !

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise :
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes ;
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great :
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's Fame ? a fancy'd life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead ;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine,
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God,
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave ;
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high to poison all mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
To see all others faults, and feel our own :
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge :
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount :
How much of other each is sure to cost,
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease :
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man :
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold ;
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease ;
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame !
What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
“ Virtue alone is happiness below ; ”
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain ;
And if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd ;
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :
Good, from its object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find.
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God :
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in LOVE OF GOD and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul :
'Till lengthn'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;

At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbours blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of every kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT**;
That **REASON, PASSION**, answer one great aim;
That true **SELF-LOVE** and **SOCIAL** are the same;
That **VIRTUE** only makes our blifs below;
And all our Knowledge is, **OURSELVES TO KNOW?**

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In e'ery clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when Man receives :
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay :
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 What mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise !
All Nature's incense rise !

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

This day, be present and active my lot;
All this beneath the sun,
Then know it will follow a or not;
And let thy will be done.

In Thee, whole temple is thy place,
Where thou, come, O Lord, I pray;
Give us for all things, O Lord, I pray;
All Nature's interests.

Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Thou art the Lord, the God of all,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

MORAL ESSAYS,
IN
FOUR EPISTLES,
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocofo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

HOR.

MORAL ESSAYS

BY RICHARD B. SHAW, D.D.
FOUR EPISTLES

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

THESE ESSAYS, WHICH WERE
PUBLISHED IN 1790, ARE
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M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E I.

T O

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

T H A T it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the *abstract* : *Books* will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own *experience* singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon *both*, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the *principles of action* in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our *own* principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver, 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but *God* and *Nature*, ver. 95. No judging of the *motives* from the actions; the same actions proceeding from con-

trary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, to form *characters*, we can only take the *strongest actions* of a man's life, and try to make them *agree*: The utter uncertainty of this, from *Nature* itself, and from *policy*, ver. 120. *Characters* given, according to the *rank* of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. *Education* alters the *nature*, or at least *character*, of many, ver. 149. *Actions*, *passions*, *opinions*, *manners*, *humours*, or *principles*, all subject to change. No judging by *Nature*, from ver. 158. to ver. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his **RULING PASSION**: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming, or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of *Clodio*, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking *second qualities* for *first*, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the *Ruling Passion*, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

Y E S, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance,
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guesses.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differ, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principles of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.

All manners take a tincture from our own ;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passion's wild rotation tofs'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field :
As the last image of the troubl'd heap,
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known ;
Others so very close they're hid from none ;
(So darkness strikes the sense as well as light),
Thus gracious CHANDOR is belov'd at sight ;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;
'Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :

Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ;
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul ;
 The dull, flat falshood serves for policy ;
 And in the cunning, truth itself's a lye :
 Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wise ;
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
 Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;
 Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late ;
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate ;
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ;
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner---then prefers, no doubt,
 A rogue with ven'son, to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert ;
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head ! all int'rests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
 Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (says Montagne, or more sage Charron !)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
 A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,
 A godless regent tremble at a star ?
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
 Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit ?
 Europe a woman, child, or dottard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know GOD and NATURE only are the same :
 In man the judgment shoots at flying game ;

A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.

Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions shew the man: We find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort then as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once, (the character to save),
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

Ask why from Britain Caesar would retreat ;
 Caesar himself might whisper he was beat.
 Why risk the world's great empire for a punk !
 Caesar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
 One action conduct ; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
 A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn :
 A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still ;
 A gownman learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;
 Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate :
 In life's low vale, the foil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
 Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
 And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave :
 Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of pow'r :
 A quaker ? sly : A presbyterian ? sow'r :
 A smart freethinker ? all things in an hour.

Ask mens opinions : Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well ;

Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the RULING PASSION: There alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest;
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Caesar made a noble dame a whore:
In this the lust, in that the avarice
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Caesar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
 As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
 As sober Laneb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd:
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late;
 ' Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!
 ' Is there no hope?---Alas!----then bring the jowl.'

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end;
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

' Odious! in woollen! 'twould a faint provoke,'
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 ' No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
 ' Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 ' One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead---
 ' And---Betty---give this cheek a little red.'

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
 ' If---where I'm going---I could serve you, Sir!'

‘ I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh’d) ‘ my lands and tenements to Ned.’
Your money, Sir ? ‘ My money, Sir, what, all !
‘ Why---if I must---(then wept) I give it Paul.’
The manor, Sir ? ‘ The manor ! hold, he cry’d ;
‘ Not that,---I cannot part with that’---and dy’d.

And you, brave COBHAM ! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death :
Such in those moments, as in all the past,
‘ Oh, save my country, Heav’n !’ shall be your last.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E II.

T O

A L A D Y.

Of the Characters of Women.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
' Most women have no characters at all ;'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true !
Arcadia's Countess, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain's side.
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye ;
Or, dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine ;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;

Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Callista prov'd her conduct nice ;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,---
But spare your censure : Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see---a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades---“ How charming is a park ! ”
A park is purchas'd ; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears---“ Oh odious, odious trees ! ”

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show ;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe :
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd ;
Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes ;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise :
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had ;
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;

Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r ;
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare ;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born ?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame ?
Now deep in Taylor and the book of martyrs ;
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres :
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns ;
And atheism and religion take their turns,
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk ;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk :
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside ;
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then ? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought :
Such this day's doctrine---in another fit,
She sins with poets, thro' pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?
Caesar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Hautgaut, and the tip of Taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analys'd your meat ;
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat.

So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy---stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought;
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give;
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn them from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
 Or her that owns her faults but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
 Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratafia and tears,
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !
Who, with herself or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd, except her rage.
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse ;
But an inferior not dependent ? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
But die, and she'll adore you---Then the bust
And temple rise---then fall again to dust.
Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great ;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends ;
By spirit, robb'd of pow'r ; by warmth, of friends ;
By wealth, of follow'rs ! without one distress,
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness !

Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right :
For how should equal colours do the knack ?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“ Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.”—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
“ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
“ Say, what can Chloe want ?”---She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it Heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel---but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent---Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen*:
THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And shew their zeal and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well---but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body and of mind,
We owe to models of an humbler kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown;
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade;
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide:
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness, or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

That Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this ; by man's oppression curs'd,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ;
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake :
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means :
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great !
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone ;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost :
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :
As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable night ;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous ; and, dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine.
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines ;
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

Oh blest'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day :
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways ;
Yet has her humour most when she obeys :
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ;
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all ;
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last, best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest'd,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :

Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies, with your scorn of fools :
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces---you.
Be this a woman's fame : With this unblest'd,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phoebus promis'd, (I forget the year),
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phoebus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r ;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, *avarice* or *profusion*, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21. to 77. That riches, either to the *avaritious* or the *prodigal*, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 89. to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121. to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER of PROVIDENCE, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161. to 178. How a *Miser* acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a *Prodigal*

does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The *Man of Ross*, ver. 250. The fate of the *profuse* and the *covetous*, in two examples ; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of *Sir Balaam*, ver. 399. to the end.

28 T H M D O S A
P. **W**HO shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of heav'n;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind),
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its fire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, nor token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust;
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires:

B. Trade it may help, society extend.

P. But lures the pyrate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 ' Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
 Bless'd paper-credit! last and best supply!
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
 Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to a distant shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd villany!
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
 What could they more than knights or 'squires con-
 found,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
 ' Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
 ' Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
 ' A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind,
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,

Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the RULING PASSION: There alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest;
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
 His passion still to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great,
 Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
 Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Caesar made a noble dame a whore:
 In this the lust, in that the avarice
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
 That very Caesar, born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
 In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
 As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
 As sober Laneb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd:
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A falmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late;
 ' Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!
 ' Is there no hope?---Alas!----then bring the jowl.'

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end;
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

' Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,'
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 ' No, let a charming chintz, and Brussel's lace
 ' Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 ' One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead---
 ' And---Betty---give this cheek a little red.'

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
 ' If---where I'm going---I could serve you, Sir!'

‘ I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh’d) ‘ my lands and tenements to Ned.’
Your money, Sir ? ‘ My money, Sir, what, all !
‘ Why---if I must---(then wept) I give it Paul.’
The manor, Sir ? ‘ The manor ! hold, he cry’d ;
‘ Not that,---I cannot part with that’---and dy’d.

And you, brave COBHAM ! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death :
Such in those moments, as in all the past,
‘ Oh, save my country, Heav’n !’ shall be your last.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E II.

T O

A L A D Y.

Of the Characters of Women.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
'Most women have no characters at all;
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain's side.
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye;
Or, dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;

Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Callista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,---
But spare your censure : Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see---a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades---"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears---"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise:
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had;
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;

Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r ;
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare ;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born ?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame ?
Now deep in Taylor and the book of martyrs ;
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres :
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns ;
And atheism and religion take their turns,
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk ;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk :
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside ;
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then ? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble feat of thought :
Such this day's doctrine---in another fit
She sins with poets, thro' pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?
Caesar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Hautgaut, and the tip of Taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analys'd your meat ;
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat.

So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy---stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought;
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give;
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn them from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
 Or her that owns her faults but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
 Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratafia and tears,
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !
Who, with herself or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd, except her rage.
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse ;
But an inferior not dependent ? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
But die, and she'll adore you---Then the bust
And temple rise---then fall again to dust.
Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great ;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends ;
By spirit, robb'd of pow'r ; by warmth, of friends ;
By wealth, of follow'rs ! without one distress,
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness !

Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right :
For how should equal colours do the knack ?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“ Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.”—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
“ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
“ Say, what can Chloe want ?”---She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it Heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel---but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent---Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen*:
THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And shew their zeal and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well---but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body and of mind,
We owe to models of an humbler kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown;
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade;
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide:
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness, or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

That Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this ; by man's oppression curs'd,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ;
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake :
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means :
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great !
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone ;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost :
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :
As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable night :
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards !

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A sop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous ; and, dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine.
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines ;
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

Oh blest'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day :
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways ;
Yet has her humour most when she obeys :
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ;
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all ;
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last, best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest'd,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :

Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies, with your scorn of fools :
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces---you.
Be this a woman's fame : With this unblest'd,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phoebus promis'd, (I forget the year),
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phoebus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r ;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E III.

T O

A L L E N, L O R D B A T H U R S T.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

T H A T it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, *avarice* or *profusion*, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21. to 77. That riches, either to the *avaritious* or the *prodigal*, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 89. to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121. to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER of PROVIDENCE, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161. to 178. How a *Miser* acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a *Prodigal*

does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The *Man of Ross*, ver. 250. The fate of the *profuse* and the *covetous*, in two examples ; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir *Balaam*, ver. 399. to the end.

29
T H H M U O S A
P. **W**HO shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of heav'n;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind),
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its fire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, nor token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust;
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires:

B. Trade it may help, society extend.

P. But lures the pyrate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 ' Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
 Bless'd paper-credit! last and best supply!
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
 Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to a distant shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd villany!
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
 What could they more than knights or 'squires con-
 found,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
 ' Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
 ' Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
 ' A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind,
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,

Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
 His Grace will game: To White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels, and with a butting head.
 To White's be carry'd, as to antient games,
 Fair courfers, vases, and alluring dames,
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St James's a whole herd of swine!
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
 Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why take it gold and all.

P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:

Meat, fire, and cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat
 cloaths, and fire!

Is this too little? Would you more than live?

Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? To dying Hopkins, heirs;

To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow;

In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;

Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,

With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)

Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;

Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife :
 But thousands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat,
 To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part ;
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart :
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule

That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool :

' God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

' The wretch he starves'---and piously denies :

But the good bishop with a meeker air,

Admits and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,

Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides

The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,

Must act on motives powerful, tho' unknown.

P. Some War, some plague, or famine they foresee,

Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,

He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in south-sea year ?

To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?

Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?

Alas they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the world's respect for gold,

And therefore hopes this nation may be sold :

Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls ! whose life one av'rice joins ;
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much injur'd Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate ?
A wizard told him in these words our fate :
' At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
' (So long by watchful ministers withstood)
' Shall deluge all ; and Av'rice creeping on,
' Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun ;
' Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
' Peerefs and butler share alike the box ;
' And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
' And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
¶ See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
' And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
arms !'

'Twas no court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city-gain :
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
A nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

' All this is madness,' cries a sober sage :
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?
' The ruling passion, be it what it will,
' The ruling passion conquers reason still.'

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
 Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;
 For tho' such motives folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth : ' 'Tis Heav'n each passion sends,
 ' And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.

' Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
 ' Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use.'

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?
 That pow'r which bids the ocean ebb and flow,
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store ;

Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;

This year a reservoir, to keep and spare ;

The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,

In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst ;

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot ?

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,

With soups unbought and fallads blest his board ?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more

Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before ;

To cram the rich was prodigal expence ;

And who would take the poor from Providence ?

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall;
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor found;
 No noontide bell invites the country round :
 Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son ; he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
 Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine !
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
 His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
 'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The sylvans groan---no matter---for the fleet :
 Next goes his wool---to clothe our valiant bands ;
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils ?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause ;
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expence,
 Join with oeconomy magnificence;
 With splendor, charity; with plenty, health;
 Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n;
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death; but life diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
 But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
 Is there a lord, that knows a chearful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
 Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
 Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where-e'er he shines, Oh Fortune, gild the scene,
 And angels guard him in the golden mean!
 There English bounty yet a while may stand,
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS:

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause refounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?
Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of ROSS," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd,
The young who labour and the old who rest,
Is any sick? The MAN of ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess---five hundred pounds a-year.

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name;
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.

Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been,

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living fav'd a candle's end:

Should'ring God's altar, a vile image stands,
Belies his features; nay, extends his hands:

That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend:
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,

On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,

With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,

The George and Garter dangling from that bed

Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

Great Villers lies---alas how chang'd from him,

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,

The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;

Or just as gay, at council, in a ring

Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king;

No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, " Live like me."
As well his Grace replied, " Like you, Sir John ?
" That I can do, when all I have is gone."

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse ?

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise and tell me, was thy death more blest'd ?

Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want ; he could not build a wall.

His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want ; he could not pay a dow'r.

A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.

What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend ?

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had !

Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
' Virtue ! and wealth ! what are ye but a name !'

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd ?
Or are they both in this their own reward ?

A knotty point ! to which we now proceed.

But you are tir'd---I'll tell a tale---B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes ;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name ;

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords ;
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's :
 Constant at church and change ; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The dev'l was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old :
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep ;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
 ' Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word ;
 And lo ! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest factor stole a gem away ;
 He pledg'd it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
 So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
 ' I'll now give six pence where I gave a groat ;
 ' Where once I went to church I'll now go twice---
 ' And I'm so clear too of all other vice.'

The tempter saw his time ; the work he ply'd ;
 Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
 Till all the daemon makes his full descent
 In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent. ;
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole ;
 Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn :
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn :
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life ;)
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide,
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite :
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St James's air.
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies :
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and p--x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France :
The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own ;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown.
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, Earl of BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word *taste*, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is *good sense*, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to *follow Nature*, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instances in *architecture* and *garden- ing*, where all must be adapted to the *genius* and *use* of the *place*, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best *examples* and *rules* will but be perverted into something *burdensome* or ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the *false taste* of *magnificence*; the first grand error of which is to imagine, that *greatness* consists in the *size* and *dimension*, instead of the *proportion* and *harmony* of the *whole*, ver. 97.; and the second, either in

joining together *parts incoherent*, or too *minutely resembling*, or in the *repetition* of the *same* too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and, lastly, in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, ep. ii. and in the epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the *proper objects* of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of *great men*, ver. 177, &c.; and, finally, the great and public works which become a *prince*, ver. 101, to the end.

TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats ;
He buys for Topham drawings and designs,
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself ? no more
Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?
Some daemon whisper'd, ' Visto ! have a taste.'
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See ! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :
A standing sermon at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate ;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole eek'd with ends of wall ;

Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front ;
Shall call the wind through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear :
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste---'tis sense :
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven :
A light which in yourself you must perceive ;
Jones and Le Notre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terras, or to sink the grot ;
In all, let Nature never be forgot :
But treat the goddess, like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all ;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall ;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines ;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul;
 Parts answering shall slide into a whole;
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
 Nature shall join you: Time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at---perhaps a STOW.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls.
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a lake:
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an hermitage set Dr Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete!
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
 A weaving glow the blooming beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quiv'ring rills maeander'd o'er---
 Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
 Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
 With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of yews;

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 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of yews;

The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade,
At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, 'What fums are thrown away!'
So proud, so grand; of that stupenduous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, in Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down;
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: A lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade:
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bow'rs:
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:

But soft---by regular approach---not yet---
 First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat :
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
 thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll blefs your eyes.

His study ! with what authors is it stor'd ?
 In books, not authors, curious is my Lord ;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round ;
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil bound :
 Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good,
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book.
 And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of pray'r :
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre ;
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest the cushion and the soft dean invite,
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :
 The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb :
 A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state ;
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling falvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God blefs the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
'Treated, carefs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill;
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed ;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears : What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd ;
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil ?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence ;
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase :
Whose chearful tenants blefs their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil :
Whose ample lands are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow :
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed ! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore ;
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :
'Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main ;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land :
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E V.

T O

Mr A D D I S O N.

O c a s i o n e d b y h i s D i a l o g u e s o n M E D A L S.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years !
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
The very tombs now vanish like their dead !
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd ;
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods :
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they !
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name ;

That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : She found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust :
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps ;
Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore ;
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescenius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the vanity, the learning thine :
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage :
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?
Here rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;
There warriors frowning in historic brags :
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine ;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
' Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
' In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
' Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
' Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
' Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
' And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.'

Epistle to Dr ARBUTHNOT.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

T O

The first Publication of this Epistle.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my *Person, Morals, and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious or the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

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Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth and likeness*.

E P I S T L E

T O

Dr A R B U T H N O T.

BEING THE

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead;
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land,
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much be-mus'd in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should *engross*?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus fees his frantic wife elope,
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope,

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What *drop* or *nostrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped:
 If foes, they write, if friends; they read me dead.
 Siez'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
 And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read

With honest anguish and an aching head;
 And dropt at last, but in unwilling ears,
 'This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *term* ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:
 'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
 'I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it;'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : ' You know his Grace,
' I want a patron; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libell'd me---' but here's a letter
' Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

' Dare you refuse him, Curl invites to dine ?
' He'll write a *journal*, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me ! a packet---' 'Tis a stranger sues,
' A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse.'

If I dislike it, ' Furies, death and rage !'
If I approve, ' Commend it to the stage.'

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fir'd that the house reject him, ' Sdeath I'll print it,
' And shame the fools---Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot.'

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :
' Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks ;
At last he whispers, ' Do, and we go snacks.'

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king),

His very minister, who spy'd them first,
(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face ?

A. Good friend forbear ! you deal in dang'rous things ;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings :

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick ;
'Tis nothing---P. Nothing ? if they bite and kick ?

Out with it DUNCIAD ! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an afs :
The truth once told, (and wherefore should we lie ?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus ! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack :
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou standst unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribler ? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread a-new :
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines !
Whom have I hurt ? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer :
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore ?
His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor ?
Does not one table Bavius still admit ?
Still to one bishop Philip seem a wit ?
Still Sappho---A. Hold ; for God-fake---you'll offend,
No names---be calm---learn prudence of a friend :
I too could write, and I am twice as tall ;
But foes like these---P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
And more abusive, call himself my friend.
This prints my *letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe.'

There are, who to my person pay their court :
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such *Ovid*'s nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye;'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal *Maro* held his head :'
And when I die, be sure to let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd, to bear.

A. But why then publish? P. *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise;
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield*, read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head;
And *St John*'s self (great *Dryden*'s friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
Happier their author, when by these belov'd !
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my numbers ; who could take offence,
While pure description held the place of sense ?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill ;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret :
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print ;
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want, is spirit, taste, and sense.
Comma's and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*.
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.
Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
The things we know, are neither rich nor rare ;
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can *guess* ?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year ;
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these my modest satire bad *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a *Tale*.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer :
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike ;
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike :
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend ;
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;

Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd;
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd:
Like *Cato*, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise---
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he!

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of wind came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Asian* monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great *GEORGE*! a birth-day
song.

I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggl'd through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
His library, (where busts of poets dead
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head),

Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise:
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd;
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the *great* have kindness in reserve;
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose-quill!
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still!
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the *great*! for those they take away,
 And those they left me, for they left me GAY;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
 My verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please:
 Above a patron, though I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;

Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with *Swift*---Indeed? no doubt
'(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come doubt.
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.'

'No, such a genius never can lie still;
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *style*?

Curse'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lye, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend:
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lye not, must at least betray;
Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Cannons* what was never there;

Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lye.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble.---A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad!
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies,

His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,

And he himself one vile Antithesis. }
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,

The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board;

Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,

A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile : Be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd, by many ways :
That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lye in verse or prose the same :
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long ;
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song :
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear---
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue* ! all the past :
For thee, fair *Virtue* ! welcome ev'n the *last* !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state :
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail ;
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail :

A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer ;
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ;
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gains his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded fat'rist *Dennis* will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay, has rhym'd for *Moor*.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lye.
 To please a mistress one aspers'd his life ;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will ;
 Let the two *Curls* of town and court abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse :
 Yet why ? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore* !
 Unspotted names, and memorable long !
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* honour had applause),
 Each parent sprung---A. What fortune, pray ?---P.

Their own ;

And better got, than *Bessia's* from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,

Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown;
His death was instant and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bless be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smoothe the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye;
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

ADVERTISEMENT
S A T I R E S

AND

E P I S T L E S

OF

H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater

at the Sign of the Gun

in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1724

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REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater

at the Sign of the Gun

in St. Dunstons Church-yard

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour rais'd on some of my *Epistles*. An answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr Donne I versified, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves, with good reason, to encourage the mistaking a *Satirist*, for a *Libeller*; whereas, to a true *Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as, to a man truly virtuous, nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

P.

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 of virtue, nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.

Printed by Vincent and James Arncliffe.

S A T I R E I.

To Mr FORTESCUE.

THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told),

There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:

Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough;

And something said of Chartres much too rough.

The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,

I come to counsel learned in the law:

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think;

And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

I nod in company, I wake at night;

Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.

Why, if the nights seem tedious---take a wife:

Or rather truly, if your point be rest,

Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est*,

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

Or, if you needs must write, write Caesar's praise;

You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What ? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and
 fierce,
 With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK
 crowd the verse,
 Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
 With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder ?
 Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,
 Paint angels trembling round his falling horse ?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display ;
 Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay ;
 Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine ;
 And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;
 They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year :
 And justly Caesar scorns the poet's lays ;
 It is to *History* he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
 Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
 Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them ?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more :
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score,

P. Each mortal has his pleasure : None deny
 Scarfsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye ;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling lustres dance as fast as she ;
 F---- loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one egg to another.

I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne :
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within :
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
Publish the present age ; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next :
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean ;
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet ;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our *army* ! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust !
Peace is my dear delight---not Fleury's more :
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage ;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page :

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'ers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could laureat Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?

And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause :
Hear this, and tremble ! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS a FRIEND,
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul :
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines ;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state ;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ;
To help who want, to forward who excell ;
This, all who know me, know ; who love me, tell ;
And who unknown defame me, let them be,
Scriblers or peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause---
What faith my counsel, learned in the laws !

F. Your plea is good ; but still I say, beware :
Laws are explain'd by men---so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes ;

Consult the statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See *Libels, Satires*---here you have it---read.

P. *Libels and Satires* ! lawless things indeed !

But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve---

F. Indeed ?

The case is alter'd---you may then proceed :
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My Lords the judges laugh ; and you're dismiss'd.

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

TO MR BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a chearful heart ;
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside :
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, not one vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd),

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat;)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!
"Oh blast it, south-winds! till a stench exhale
"Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail."

By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour;
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The Robin-red-breast till, of late, had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest;
Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crowfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:

Between excess and famine lies a mean ;
Plain, but not fordid ; though not splendid, clean.

Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch) ;
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day, (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd ;)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls, so gen'rous ! cannot bear :
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart ;
But sowse the cabage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay ;
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;
Nor lets, like Naevius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring,
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing).
First health : The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war) ;
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fair,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast !
What life in all that ample body, say ?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay ?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind !
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues !
How coming to the poet ev'ry Muse !
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme ;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage ;
And more the sickness of long life, old age ;
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains ?

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.
Not so : A buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends would come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home,
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That sweteest music to an honest ear ;
(For faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song) ;
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want and infamy !
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name ;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell,
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

‘ Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need
‘ To have a taste, is insolence indeed :

‘ In me ’tis noble, suits my birth and state,
‘ My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.’

Then like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.

Oh impudence of wealth, with all thy store,
How dar’st thou let one worthy man be poor !
Shall half the old-built churches round thee fall ?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall :
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o’s was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest ? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff’d prosperity,
Or bless’d with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war ?
Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought :
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when furmis’d
The lord of thousands, than if now *excis’d* ;
In forest planted by a father’s hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year ;
But antient friends, (tho’ poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
’Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :

To Hounslow-heath I point and Banstead-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own;
From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join :
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
Then chearful healths, (your mistress shall have place;)
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast :
Though double tax'd, how little have I lost ?
My life's amusements have been just the same
Before, and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
And your's, my friends ? thro' whose free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late ;
(For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
' Pray heav'n it last ! (cries SWIFT) as you go on ;
' I wish to God this house had been your own :
' Pity ! to build without a son or wife ;
' Why, you'll enjoy it all your life.'
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
What's *property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter ;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;
Or, in pure equity, (the case not clear,)
The chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
At best it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, ' My father's damn'd, and all's my own.'

Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord ;
And Hemfly, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner, or a city-knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

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THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.
TO
LORD. BOLINGBROKE.

ST JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise;
Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
See modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our gen'als now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Not fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.
A voice there is that whispers in my ear,
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear),

• Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
• And never gallop Pegasus to death;
• Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
• You limp like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse.'

Farewel, then, verse and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care---for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.
But ask not to what doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul,
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day;
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.

Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure ;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.

Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite ;
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to go back is ſomewhat to advance ;
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy boſom move,
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love ?
Know, there are words and ſpells, which can controul,
Between the fits, this fever of the ſoul :
Know, there are rhymes, which, freſh and freſh ap-
ply'd,

Will cure the arrant'ſt puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vaſſal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch bear ;
All that we aſk is but a patient ear.

'Tis the firſt virtue vices to abhor ;
And the firſt wiſdom to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is ſo great,
As want of figure, and a ſmall eſtate.
To either India ſee the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale poverty !
See him with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole !
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philoſophy thy friend ?

To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here, Wisdom calls: 'Seek virtue first, be bold!
'As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.'
There, London's voice, 'Get money, money still!
'And then let Virtue follow, if she will!'
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St James's up to high St Paul;
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
'Pray then what wants he?' Fourscore thousand
pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth:
But Bug and D*l, their *Honours*, and so forth.

Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
'Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king.'
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within.
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at CRESSY and POITIERS?
Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but great,
'With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
'Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
'If not, by any means, get wealth and place.'

For what? to have a box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through :
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too ?
If such a doctrine, in St James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare ;
If honest S^rz take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park :
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave :
' I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave :
' Because I see, by all the tracks about,
' Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.'
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave :
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if the king's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast :
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do ?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold :
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main ;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews ;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews ;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn ;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn ;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone :

But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,

"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base

Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,

The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsy, or that Dev'l within

Which guides all those who know not what they
mean,

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;

"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,

"For snug's the word! My dear! we'll live in town."

At am'rous Flavio is the stocken thrown?

That very night he longs to lie alone.

The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.

Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,

Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?

Well, but the poor---The poor have the same itch;

They change their weekly barber, weekly news,

Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes,

Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run

(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;

They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,

Grow sick, and damn the climate---like a Lord.

You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,

My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;

You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,

White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!

But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,

Is half so incoherent as my mind,

When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up ; I build, and then confound ;
Turn round to square, and square again to round ;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply ;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry !
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher and friend ?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend ;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own ;
Great without title, without fortune bless'd ;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd ;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power ;
At home tho' exil'd ; free, tho' in the tower ;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing ;
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heav'n---except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god !

THE
SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

To Mr MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
“ To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flow’rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center’d sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro’, and trust the ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what earth’s low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold ?

Or popularity ? or stars and strings ?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings ?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze ?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing :
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire ;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away :
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;
The worst of madmen is a faint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate ;
Procure a TASTE to double the surprisè,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes :
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice ;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife ?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Cloe blind to wit and worth
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth ?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line ;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine :

And what is fame ? the meaneſt have their day ;
The greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, with all the pow'r of words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the houſe of lords :
Conſpicious ſcene ! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where kings and poets lie ;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde !

Rack'd with ſciatics, martyr'd with the ſtone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone ?
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the mind's diſeaſe :
There all men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be bleſt ; deſpiſe low joys, low gains ;
Diſdain whatever Cornbury diſdains ;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Gindal leads the way ;
Who virtue and a church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this like brick and ſtones ?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire whate'er the meaneſt can admire :
Is wealth thy paſſion ? Hence ! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold :
Advance thy golden mountain to the ſkies ;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.

For, mark th' advantage ; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends---as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Antis' birth ;
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds ;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ;
A nobler superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves ;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy ;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the honours, and to give the word ;
Tell at your levee, as the crouds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand : To make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks :
' This may be troublesome, is near the chair :
' That makes three members ; this can chuse a May'r,

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least;
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

}

Or, if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite---
So Ruffel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we ev'ry decency confound,
Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K---l's lewd cargo, or Ty---y's crew;
From Latian Syrens, French Circaean feasts;
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And SWIFT cry wisely, 'Vive la bagatelle!'
The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
Adieu---if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the following Epistle.

THE reflections of *Horace*, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an *absolute empire*. But, to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a *free people*, and are more consistent with the welfare of *our neighbours*.

The epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: One, that *Augustus* was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat praetores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology of the poets, in order to render *Augustus* more their patron. *Horace* here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for

the theatre ; and, lastly, against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of *Greece* had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors ; that their *morals* were much improved, and the licence of those antient poets restrained : That *satire* and *comedy* were become more just and useful ; that, whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the *ill taste* of the *nobility* ; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the *state* ; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this epistle, that *Horace* made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

OF
HORACE.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;

Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind !
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd, but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away !
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat ;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise :
Great friend of LIBERTY ! in *kings* a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame :
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,
As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest,
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest :
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote :
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen ;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green :
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Though justly Greece her elder sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires ?

In ev'ry public virtue we excell :

We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well ;

And learned Athens to our art must stoop,

Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,

Say at what age a poet grows divine ?

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,

Who dy'd perhaps an hundred years ago ?

End all dispute, and fix the year precise

When British bards begin t' immortalize ?

' Who lasts a century can have no flaw ;

' I hold that wit a classic, good in law.'

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?

And shall we deem him antient, right, and sound ;

Or damn to all eternity at once,

At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce ?

' We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;

' By courtesy of England, he may do.

Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,

I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

And melt down antients like a heap of snow :

While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe ;

And, estimating authors by the year,

Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry playhouse-bill

Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,

And grew immortal in his own despight.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed

The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley ? if he pleases yet,

His moral pleases, not his pointed wit ;

Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art ;
 ut still I love the language of his heart,

• Yet surely, surely, these were famous men !

• What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ?

• In all debates where critics bear a part,

• Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's art,

• Of Shakespear's Nature and of Cowley's Wit :

• How Beaumont's judgement check'd what Fletcher

• writ ;

• How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow ;

• But for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.

• These, only these, support the crowded stage,

• From eldest Haywood down to Cibber's age.

All this may be ; the people's voice is odd ;

It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,

And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

Or say our fathers never broke a rule ;

Why then, I say, the public is a fool.

But let them own, that greater faults than we

They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,

And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet :

Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,

Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground ;

In quibbles, angel and archangel join,

And God the Father turns a school-divine.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,

Like flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook ;

Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool

At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a
page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all Reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where now's eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow?
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names),
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill;
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy:
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And, to debase the sons, exalts the fires.
Had antient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been antient now?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead ?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and *luxury* with *Charles* restor'd ;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
' All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd.'
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excell ;
Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell ;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France ;
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form.
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court ;
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant or tremble through a eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state ;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws ;
Effects unhappy from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock ;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care ;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;
To prove that luxury could never hold ;
And place, on good security, his gold.

Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich :
Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays ;
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays ;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng ;
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lye ;
Not ----'s self e'er tells more *fibbs* than I ;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more ;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop ;
Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop ;
Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France ;
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile ?
(Should Ripely venture, all the world would smile) ;
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.

Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great ;
These madmen never hurt the church or state :
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind ;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels or plots like other men :
Flight of cashiers or mobs he'll never mind ;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend or ward he leaves to Peter ;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre ;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet ;
And then---a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose ;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song ?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king ;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!--in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays ;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws :
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
' The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.'
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn !
Not but there are who merit other palms ;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms :
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains :

How could devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng:
 And heav'n is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little bless'd,
 Patient of labour, when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew.
 But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;

Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine! }
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain,
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone :
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine;
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess,
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less :
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed ?
What pert low dialogue has Farqu'ar writ !
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed !
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause !
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,
Alike to them by pathos or by pun.

O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage, by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewel the stage! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit:
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold, and lawn:
The champion too! and, to compleat the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Gibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!

Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters---hark! the universal peal!
'But has he spoken?' Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach;
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ;
Repeat unask'd ; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epittles to the king ;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown ;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land ;
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great Sir ! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known ?
Or chuse at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed ;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles ;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
' No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.'

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king or conqu'ring chief

E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Maeonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they drop'd the sword!
How, when you noded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne---
But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme:
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That, when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
'There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and if lyes,
'Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:'
Well may he blush, who gives it or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things,
As Eusden, Philip, Settle, writ of kings),
Cloath spice, line trunks, or, flutt'ring in a row,
Besfringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's
friend !

You love a verse, take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,

Bows and begins---' This lad, Sir, is of Blois :

' Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how curl'd !

' My only son ; I'd have him see the world :

' His French is pure ; his voice too---you shall hear.

' Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

' Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease ;

' Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please :

‘ A perfect genius at an op’ra-song---
 ‘ To say too much might do my honour wrong.
 ‘ Take him with all his virtues ; on my word,
 ‘ His whole ambition was to serve a lord.
 ‘ But, Sir, to you with what would I not part ?
 ‘ Though, faith I fear, ’twill break his mother’s
 ‘ heart ;

‘ Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
 ‘ And then unwhipp’d, he had the grace to cry :
 ‘ The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 ‘ (Could you o’erlook but that) it is to steal.’

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov’d so
 bad ?

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit ;
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
 And punish’d him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
 I told you, when I went, I could not write ;
 You said the same ; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent ?
 Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time !
 D’ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In ANNA’S wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn’d a little purse of gold :
 ‘Tir’d with a tedious march, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp’rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join’d
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind ;

}

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
'Prodigious well,' his great commander cry'd;
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);
'Go on, my friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
'Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
'More honours, more rewards attend the brave.'
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
'D'ye think me, noble gen'ral, such a sot?
'Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove:)
But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm pre-
vail'd.

For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive;

Sure I should want the art of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day ;
At least they steal us from ourselves away :
In one our frolics, one amusements end ;
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend :
This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

But, after all, what would you have me do ?
When out of twenty I can please not two ;
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg ;
Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place ?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crouds and courts, law, business, feasts and friends ?
My counsel sends to execute a deed :

A poet begs me, I will hear him read :
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there---
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-square---
Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on---
There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one---

' Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
' And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'

Not quite so well, however, as one ought ;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought ;

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a car?

Go, lofty poet! and in such a croud
Sing thy sonorous verse---but not aloud,
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run
To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The man who, stretch'd in Isis calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother-serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls
One lull'd th' exchequer, and one stunn'd the rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split;
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

‘ ’Twas, Sir, your law,’ and, ‘ Sir, your eloquence.’
‘ Yours, Cowper’s manner---and yours, Talbot’s sense.
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton’s genius, and mine Homer’s spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he’ll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match’d one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin’s cave to see
No poets there but Stephen, you and me,
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel-crowns, and take what names we please,
‘ My dear Tibullus!’ if that will not do,
‘ Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :
‘ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains,
‘ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.’
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race ;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
To court applause, by printing what I write ;
But let the fit pass o’er, I’m wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect ;
’Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais’d within, is happy all day long.
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read ?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants, or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe’er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at court (perhaps) it may find grace ;
Such they’ll degrade ; and sometimes in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead !

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words that long have slept to wake,
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Rauleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For use will father what's begot by sense),
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line:
 Then polish all with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis nature and a knack to please:
 ' But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
 ' As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.'

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd, *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
 Who, though the house was up, delighted fat,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate;
 In all but this a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
 Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd;
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short they
 cur'd;

Whereat the gentleman began to stare -
 My friends! he cry'd, p--x take you for your care!

That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate :
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late ;
There is a time when poet's will grow dull :
I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school :
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to smoothe and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country-door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;
Thoughts which at Hydpark-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot.
There, all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the doctor ; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly as disease ?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
' Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.'

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil :
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D---! be fair,
Say, can you give out one such lodger there ?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours, on which you live.

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford

Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :

All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,

His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own :

He bought at thousands, what with better wit

You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;

Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found ?

You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,

Lords of fat Esham, or of Lincoln-fen,

Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat ;

Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are wights who fondly call their own

Half that the dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln-town.

The laws of God, as well as of the land,

Abhor a perpetuity should stand :

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r

Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,

Ready, by force, or of your own accord,

By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldst thou have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

All vast possessions (just the same the case

Whether you call them villa, park, or chafe.)

Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail ?

Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale ;

Let rising granaries and temples here,

There mingled farms and pyramids appear ;

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole towns in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmers fall.

Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye;
There are who have not---and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend you'll
find

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun:
The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu---, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in court and parliament;
One driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r
Who forms the genius in the natal hour:
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will,
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep;
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says
How free or frugal I shall pass my days:

I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store:
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.

What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

' But why all this of avarice? I have none.'
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad, the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire;
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no founess, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat and drank your fill ;
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage :
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr SWIFT.

TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you June the third;

Chang'd it to August, and (in short)

Have kept it---as you do at court.

You humour me when I am sick,

Why not when I am splenetic?

In town, what objects could I meet?

The shops shut up in ev'ry street,

And fun'erals black'ning all the doors,

And yet more melancholy whores:

And what a dust in every place?

And a thin court that wants your face,

And fevers raging up and down,

And W* and H** both in town?

'The dog-days are no more the case.'

'Tis true, but winter comes apace:

Then southward let your bard retire,

Hold out some months 'twixt fun and fire,

And you shall see the first warm weather,

Me and the butterflies together.

My Lord your favours well I know;

'Tis with distinction you bestow;

And not to ev'ry one that comes,

Just as a Scotsman does his plums,

'Pray take them, Sir---Enough's a feast:

'Eat some, and pocket up the rest,'---

What, rob your boys ? those pretty rogues !

‘ No, Sir, you’ll leave them to the hogs.’

Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye.

Scatter your favours on a fop,

Ingratitude’s the certain crop ;

And ’tis but just, I’ll tell ye wherefore,

You give the things you never care for,

A wise man always is, or shon’d

Be mighty ready to do good :

But makes a diff’rence in his thought

Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I’ll say, you’ll find in me

A safe companion, and a free ;

But if you’d have me always near---

A word, pray, in your honour’s ear.

I hope it is your resolution

To give me back my constitution :

The sprightly wit, the lively eye,

Th’ engaging smile, the gaiety,

That laugh’d down many a summer sun,

And kept you up so oft till one :

And all that voluntary vein,

As when Belinda rais’d my strain,

A weasel once made shift to sink

In at a corn-loft thro’ a chink ;

But having amply stuff’d his skin,

Could not get out as he got in ;

Which one belonging to the house

(’Twas not a man, it was a mouse)

Observing, cry’d, ‘ You ’scape not so,

‘ Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.’

Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation ;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans :
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My bread, and independency !
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd-----just as you see I do ;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

' Harley, the nation's great support,'---
But you may read it, I stop short.

S A T I R E VI.

The First Part imitated, in the Year 1714, by Dr
SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
' But here a grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die:
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
' To me and to my heirs for ever.

' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
' By any trick or any fault;
' And if I pray by reason's rules,
' And not like forty other fools:
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh Gracious Maker!"
" To grant me this and t'other acre:
" Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
" Direct my plow to find a treasure:"
' But only what my station fits,
' And to be kept in my right wits,
' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
' Just what you gave me, competence;

‘ And let me in these shades compose
‘ Something in verse as true as prose;
‘ Remov’d from all th’ ambitious scene,
‘ Nor puff’d by pride, nor sunk by spleen.’

In short, I’m perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
’Tis for the service of the Crown.

‘ Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
‘ Send for him up, take no excuse.’

The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne’er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money’s found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne’er consider’d yet.

‘ Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
‘ Let my Lord know you’re come to town.’

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee day;
And find his honour in a pound,

Hemm’d by a triple circle round,
Chequer’d with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between!

Some wag observes me thus perplex’d,
And smiling, whispers to the next,

‘ I thought the Dean had been too proud,
‘ To jostle here among a croud.’

Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,

‘ So eager to express your love,
‘ You ne’er consider whom you shove,
‘ But rudely press before a Duke,’
I own, I’m pleas’d with this rebuke.
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw,
Come with petitions fairly penn’d,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case---
That, begs my int’rest for a place---
A hundred other men’s affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.

‘ To-morrow my appeal comes on,
‘ Without your help the cause is gone---
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair at two---

• Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
‘ To get my warrant quickly sign’d:
‘ Consider, ’tis my first request.---
Be satisfy’d, I’ll do my best:---

Then presently he falls to teize,
‘ You may for certain if you please;
‘ I doubt not, if his Lordship knew---
‘ And, Mr Dean, one word from you---

’Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend:
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;

As, 'What's o'clock?' And, 'How's the wind?'

'Who's chariot's that we left behind?'

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs;

Or, 'have you nothing new to day

'From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?'

Such tattle often entertains

My Lord and me as far as Stains,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes, *inter nos*,

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well:

'How think you of our friend the Dean?'

'I wonder what some people mean;

'My Lord and he are grown so great;

'Always together, *tete a tete*;

'What, they admire him for his jokes---

'See but the fortune of some folks!

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at court;

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in every street.

You, Mr Dean, frequent the great;

'Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?'

'Or do the prints and papers lye?'

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

'Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest?'

'Tis now no secret'---I protest

'Tis one to me---' Then tell us, pray,

'When are the troops to have their pay?'

And tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost :
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat !
There leaning near a gentle brook
Sleep, or peruse some antient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town,
O charming noons ! and nights divine !
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup ferv'd with all decorum :
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease !
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouses's,
Or what's in either of their houses :
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn,
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser ?
Whether we ought to chuse our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends ?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what the very best of all ?

Our friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
 A tale extremely *a propos* :
 Name a town-life, and in a trice,
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country-mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town-mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord.
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean)
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean ;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, ' I vow you're mighty neat.
 ' But Lord, my friend, this savage scene !
 ' For God's sake, come and live with men :
 ' Consider mice, like men, must die,
 ' Both small and great, both you and I :
 ' Then spend your life in joy and sport ;
 ' (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)'
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn ;

And tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd,
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' (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)'
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn ;

('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tete a tete*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
'*Que ça est bon? Ah gouter ça!*
'That jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
'Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
'I'm quite aham'd---'tis mighty rude
'To eat so much---but all's so good;
'I have a thousand thanks to give---
'My lord alone knows how to live.'
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
'A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door---
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!

(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)

- An't please your honour, quoth the peasant,
- This same desert is not so pleasant :
- Give me again my hollow tree,
- A crust of bread, and liberty !"

B O O K IV.

O D E I.

To V E N U S.

A G A I N ? new tumults in my breast ?
Ah spare me, Venus ! let me, let me rest !
I am not now, alas ! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah found no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires !
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *number five* direct your doves,
There spread round MURRAY all your blooming
Loves ;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part :
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistrefs, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form,) and Chloe lend the face.
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,

Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
Thither the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires ;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
There Youths and Nymphs, in concert gay
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er ;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still renew'd desire ;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Part of the NINTH ODE of the FOURTH
Book.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which founds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay---

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Caesar was, or Newton nam'd;
'These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heav'ns and systems fram'd,

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCIS SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH and Two Pens,

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms;

‘ And take (she said, and smil'd serene)

‘ Take at this hand celestial arms:

‘ Secure the radiant weapons wield;

‘ This golden lance shall guard desert;

‘ And if a vice dares keep the field,

‘ This steel shall stab it to the heart.’

Aw'd on my bended knees I fell,

Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;

And dipt them in the fable well,

The fount of fame or infamy.

‘ What *Well*? what *Weapon*? (Flavia cries)

‘ A standish, steel, and golden pen!

‘ It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;

‘ I gave it you to write again.

“ But, friend, take head whom you attack ;
 ‘ You’ll bring a house (I mean of Peers)
 “ Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
 L----- and all about your ears.

“ You’d write as smooth again on glass,
 ‘ And run, on ivory, so glib,
 “ As not to stick at fool or afs,
 ‘ Nor stop at flattery or fib.

“ *Athenian Queen ! and sober charms !*
 ‘ I tell ye, fool, there’s nothing in’t ;
 “ ’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ;
 ‘ In Dryden’s Virgil see the print.

“ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
 ‘ That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
 “ I’ll list you in the harmless roll
 ‘ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.’

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744

The Poetical Works Of Alexander Pope, Esq

Bd.: 3

Edinburgh 1773

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